

I have come to the borders of deep, The unpathable deep Front where
all must lose Their way, however straight, Or winding, soon or late;
They can not choose.

Many a road & track That, since the dawn's first crack, up to
the faint brink, Deceived the travellers Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink.

Here love ends, Despair, ambition ends, All pleasure & all trouble,
Although most sweet or bitter, Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book Or fire of dearest love That I would not turn
from now To go into the unknown ~~That~~ I must enter
and leave alone I know not how.

The late faint towers; the cloudy foliage covers Aether,
Shelf above shelf; the silence I hear & obey That I may lose
my way And myself.

Sent by Edward Thomas
from Trobridge
to Eleanor Farjeon. The
first draft of this poem